

From the Virgin Islands

Two doves
 or else white pigeons
with ringed

Red eyes
 Wings spread, ready
for flight

Supported by
 delicate wires
visible beneath

The purity
 of white
foolscap

Our friends
 have sent these
with a rooster

Of Danish glass
 and pewter
to brighten

The place
 where we are
a cock

And two doves
 the goodness
of our

Long lost
 beloved
friends

69494

Early Bird

Departing winter
 I strip
to the welcome

Sun though
 the canvas cot
is chill

To my bones
 how palely blue
my flesh

Has become
 Is that you
old blue worm

Rearing up
 your mauve-blue
head

610034